Three little children, lyin' in bed

1 5 1

Two was sick and the other 'most dead.

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Sent for a doctor and the doctor said,

1 5 1

Feed those children on shortnin' bread.

Mama's little baby loves shortnin' shortnin' Mama's little baby loves shortnin' bread. Mama's little baby loves shortnin' shortnin' Mama's little baby loves shortnin' bread.

When those children, lyin' in bed, Heard that talk about shortnin' bread, They popped up well and started to sing, Skippin' 'round the room doing the pigeon wing.

Chorus

Put on the skillet, slip on the lid, Mama's gonna bake a little shortnin' bread. That ain't all she's gonna do, Mama's gonna make a little coffee too.

Chorus